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weakling age. That such a sweeping accusation should be brought by the Duc de Raguse against the Restoration astonishes us from its flagrant injustice ; but it is explicable from the Marshal's dislike to a parliamentary form of government. Marmont was essentially an *absolutist*, and therefore incapable of comprehending Louis XVIII. In the next forthcoming volumes will be seen his appreciation of the most really constitutional epoch of French history, — of the only period of time during which representative government was genuinely practised in France ; but we do not anticipate that it has met with a chronicler able or inclined to do it justice. In the six volumes already published the reader will find an admirable account of the Italian, and, above all, of the Egyptian, campaign, and we hold ourselves authorized to affirm (the contrary of what has been very generally supposed) that the entire authenticity of the *Mémoires* lies beyond a doubt.

ART. XII. — 1. *Margaret: a Tale of the Real and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom ; including Sketches of a Place not before described, called Mons Christi*. In two volumes. Revised Edition. By the Author of "Philo," "Richard Edney," &c. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1851.

2. *Compositions in Outline*, by FELIX O. C. DARLEY from JUDD's *Margaret*. Engraved by KONRAD HUBER. New York : Redfield. 1856.

JUDD's *Margaret* has for years been familiar to our eyes, and no stranger to our pages. For this very reason we confess our greater surprise and joy at the appearance of Darley's *Outlines*. The highest pleasure is not in absolute novelty, but in the union of things new and old, as when we meet old friends under new circumstances, if not with a new face. Surely the artist has given a new face to the beautiful creations of the novelist, and the exquisite outline of *Margaret*

herself opens at a glance the very soul of the whole fiction. We have already alluded to these beautiful sketches that so ally American art with literature, and we now recur to the subject in order to speak with some fulness of the tendencies which this tale of the real and the ideal exhibits.

It is a not uncommon idea, that New England is the chosen realm of prosy prudence and cold calculation; that the yardstick is there put above the musical scale; that the multiplication-table there stands beside the Ten Commandments, and the price-current enters into the morning meditations quite as much as the Psalter; that the people are as frigid as the climate, whose most conspicuous products, granite and ice, are said to be no bad symbols of Yankee hardness and reserve. A superficial view of New England history might confirm this notion. The Puritans left behind them the poetry and beautiful arts of the Old World, and evidently had no burning desire to take them as companions, or to see them spring up in their new home. The educated and high-born men among them must have known something of the master-minds of English poetry who flourished before the migration,—something of Chaucer, Gower, Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Beaumont, Ben Jonson. Yet in most of these authors there was so strong a recognition of the prevailing notions of government, society, and religion, as to make them distasteful to men of thorough Puritan culture, and utterly abominable in the eyes of the more ignorant zealots. Spenser's High-Churchism was enough to taint the beautiful affections and spiritual faith that pervade his poems, whilst Shakespeare's matchless creations, if then known, could have found little mercy from Puritan censors, not only because they were plays, but because they were brimful of the social habits and national associations of the court and people to whom they were addressed. The Plymouth Pilgrims were mainly men of moderate cultivation, with little taste for the Muses, and probably parted with English refinements far less reluctantly than the Puritans who founded Massachusetts Bay some ten years later. But if the stanch yeomen of the *Mayflower* could leave with little regret the

ancient castles and churches that had for them so little mercy, the scholars and gentlemen of the Arbella may have had deeper aversions from deeper experience, and in more than one case condemned the Siren more bitterly from the struggle between their faith and her fascinations. They said indeed, "Farewell, dear England." But they did not, in wishing well to England, wish especially well to the beautiful arts that have done so much for her glory. They thought that they were to leave these behind them in their exodus from bondage to freedom, and it was apparently the least of their regrets, that the poets and artists of the old country did not go with them to the new. They had seen so much of the pride and vanity of the civil and ecclesiastical powers as to be jealous of the fancy that had been so enlisted in their service, and were sometimes tempted to rank imagination itself among the gauds of the Scarlet Woman who still lingered about the throne and Church of England, and whose feet were never to be allowed to touch the new Canaan. Some of them evidently thought that all literature was to be chastised into Scripture phraseology, and that the human mind was to be cleared of romantic fancies by theological discipline, as easily as naughty boys or Sunday travellers were to be stopped by the solemn tithingman, and perhaps put into the stocks or tied to the whipping-post. But God knew the Puritans better than they knew themselves. The very men who condemned imaginations were full of them, and were destined by Providence to inaugurate a new era in the world of the ideal. It is certainly our deliberate opinion, that New-Englanders are eminently an imaginative people, and that their whole history has been the growth and bloom of the goodly seed which was at first sown in tears. It may take the century-plant a hundred years to bloom; but when the flower appears, is it not the expression of the life that dwelt from the first in the root? From the very first, did not that floral virtue belong to the plant, and did not the flower unfold the primal intention, articulate the primal thought? Let us see if we cannot make this position less paradoxical than it may seem to many.

Look, in the first place, at the essential elements of the

Puritan character in its independence, faith, and enterprise. The founders of New England were determined not to be kept in leading-strings by the Old World, and they started on their career with an independent purpose that could not but show itself ere long in original forms of thinking and imagining. They had the best sort of originality and the parent of every other sort, originality of character, that stout root which is sure to produce fairer and more vigorous fruit in the end than any dainty sentimentalism or speculative ingenuity. They were in earnest, and earnestness of will is the condition of all vital power, whether of mind or heart. It is the will that directly or indirectly imagines, as well as plans and works; and wherever there is this original force of character in the founders of a state, we may look for an original form of literature as well as of society, instead of stereotype copies of the current modes. In one respect, indeed, New England lost much by the sturdy independence of her founders. She lost much of the power of the old traditions, history, and manners that gave such food to the imagination by presenting topics which unite the charms of romance with the enchantment of age and distance. The Puritan, because he was so stern a non-conformist, could not draw inspiration from the rich fields of history and tradition, in which Spenser and Shakespeare had found such sparkling wells and lovely flowers and mystic groves. He left these all behind him, and turned his meditations beyond the intervening centuries to the patriarchal or the apostolic era, to the ages before modern nationality had begun; or if his imagination caught fire as he thought of the martyr age of British Protestants, this fire found little fuel from the annals of the English throne and Church during the years before Henry VIII. or after Queen Mary. New England was to be a new field in its historical associations, and centuries were to pass before the daughter's fancy could claim the mother's romance as her own, and find new ideals in the old homestead and its chronicles. But this very fact gave originality to the New England mind, and the quaint and often rude phraseology of the Puritan authors was the promise of fresher and freer forms of development apart from the dictation of European masters. It was the rough bark

which protected the tree from injury, and guided its strong juices into leaf and blossom. Had the Puritans followed the scholars and wits of England in all their modes of thought and expression, we might have had an early and graceful literature on these shores; but we could never have had our own New England, with her own thinkers, orators, and poets, who have taken their place among the originals in the Pantheon of letters. It was well that the independence which brought such originality of purpose, brought also the isolation of social and literary life, which secured to this purpose fresh soil and free development.

The Puritan's faith spiritualized and strengthened his independence, and in spite of its bigotry and superstition it affirmed the highest truth of religion, and the deepest condition of all mental power, — the privilege and the duty of direct personal communion between the human soul and the Divine Spirit. Man is very little when without God, and the ages that most heartily affirm and substantiate his influence over the mind, are sure to be seed-times of all manly thinking and ideal creation. Our forefathers may have philosophized little upon the nature of inspiration and the origin of ideas, and probably might have been enlightened by Edmund Spenser's celestial Platonism, or by Richard Hooker's spiritual politics; but they had the root of the matter in their own experience, and what many ideal theorists have speculated upon, they lived into reality. They lived with God for their King and Comforter, and the whole of the best mind of New England is proof of the quickening and inspiring power of their faith. This faith has given depth to the thought and elevation to the aim of our noblest authors. Poetry as truly as theology has shared in the blessing of that baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. How can it be otherwise? How can man fail of winning creative power from direct communion with the Creator in whose image he was made, and so tracing beauty, as well as goodness and truth, to its primal source? The literature of Old England is proof of the power of the Puritan faith upon the ideal. This faith, which made Cromwell, and his heroes, virtually made Milton and Bunyan, and the whole host of free and devout poets who for two centuries turned their

pens against the despotism of the Stuarts and their successors. We do not say that the Puritan age created the genius of English poetry; but surely it gave to it its impulse, its freedom, and its faith. In New England the same ideal force was to show itself in the struggle with rude nature before it appeared in letters.

The enterprise of the Puritans bore out their independence and their faith. It was in itself a great prophecy, a mighty imagination, which has ever since been interpreting itself into fact, — this unwavering purpose to carve out for themselves by their own right hand, under God's blessing, a new kingdom in the Western world. Their imagination was not a dainty reverie, but a solemn vision, that showed them the great work to be done. They were no artists, but God was their artist, and by his inspiration imagination took pencil and chisel, and painted and sculptured for them the ideal of a state and church that were to become realities. So they were majestic idealists, and saw visions inviting them across the ocean more solemn than the dreams of ambition that lured Raleigh's courtly followers to Virginia, and more glorious than those that moved Columbus to seek, not a home, but a conquest, in the New World. Believe it, the imagination is pre-eminently a practical faculty, and is always at work when great deeds are to be planned and done. It belongs to our nature, and the boy who bestrides his father's cane and calls it a horse, or who mounts a chair and calls it a pulpit, is for the time being a poet, and, at least in his own fancy, rides like a Murat and preaches like a Chrysostom. However various its forms, this power is at work whenever the mind looks beyond the present to the future or the unseen, and it is quite as necessary to heroic daring as to ideal invention. It pens sonnets and reveals worlds; stands by the palette of Raphael, the chisel of Michael Angelo, the observatory of Kepler and Copernicus, and follows in the wake of the Santa Maria from Palos or the Mayflower from Delft Haven. It appears in all heroic grandeur, as well as in tender beauty. The rose has its own imagination; it has its plastic power, which from the little seed shapes the fragrant petals and blesses the senses with their loveliness. Has not the oak, too, the same indwelling force,

the same poetic instinct, which images not only its glossy leaf and waving boughs, but its massive strength, from the acorn? Is not the oak, too, a poem as well as the rose, — a poem that lives when the rose has faded, — lives, too, after its own leaves have fallen, and its trunk is hewn down, — lives in the stout ship, itself a goodly epic, whose heroic and rhythmic heavings chime with the roll of beating waves and the music of the winds in their harp-like whispers or their organ peals? This instinctive heart of oak in its strength and its prophecy surely the Puritan had.

Thus independent, devout, and resolute, the New England stock must be expected to show its own genius in accordance with its hereditary nature and its adopted soil. The Puritans were Englishmen, and they and their descendants had all, and perhaps more than all, of English reserve, whilst they renounced the courtly and ritual pageants that have always done so much to enliven the mother country. In respect to religious convictions, they had much in common with the Scotch Presbyterians, yet little of the convivial temper and the enthusiasm for thrones so characteristic of all Celtic races. They had nothing of the artistic taste that had at the time of their embarkation so flourished in Southern Europe, and given Italy and Spain such glory. In England the arts of design had not yet taken root, but were pursued chiefly by foreigners, and architecture and poetry were the only fine arts then native to the soil. Of these two, the Puritans brought little with them to their new home. It seems to have been no cause of repining with them, that they could not imitate the beautiful parish churches of England in Boston and Salem, and their wooden meeting-houses, with so many little windows, appeared to meet their taste as well as their convictions. Perhaps, however, we are mistaken, and our fathers had more taste than some of their children, and, as they could not build handsome churches, preferred honest simplicity to tawdry pretension, candid pine boards and shingles to lath and plaster shams, and so were saved from the atrocious gingerbread Gothic which has been the invention of our Yankee carpenters, and the admiration of many worthy persons who ought not to have the excuse of ignorance for their Vandal-

ism. As to poetry, versified poetry, the leading Puritan writers were ignorant of its first principles, and we can hardly conceive of such monstrous doggerel coming from well-educated men as we find from the pens of Puritan authors who were fellow-students at Cambridge with Milton himself. But we must not judge of John Cotton's fire by his limping verses, nor measure the inspiration of the clerical circle about Boston by the dislocated and dislocating rhymes of the Bay State Psalm-Book. We must look for the true poetry of the colonial writers in their prose; for they, as is the case with all men, did their best and most beautiful things when least straining after effect, and most earnest and spontaneous. If we thus watch for the play of the imagination, we shall not fail to see in the earliest times the movings of the genius that afterwards bloomed in our rich poetic and romantic literature.

Let us now take a few glances at the letters and life of New England, with an eye to the developments of the imagination. We find, almost without an exception, that this power shows itself most conspicuously where least expected, and constantly looks out upon us from the quaint conceits and solemn allegory of the Puritan fathers. Thus old Father Ward, minister of Ipswich, who could write verses crabbed enough to set one's teeth on edge, has passages in his prose sometimes funny enough for Shakespeare to put into the mouth of Falstaff, and sometimes exalted enough for Milton's majestic page. Hugh Latimer's humor could not better Ward's description of the fashionable ladies of his time, who seem to have given the sturdy Puritan humorist some inklings of these days of feminine coöperation;—"goodly Englishwomen imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood-holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody relieves them,"—a style of womanhood which he looks upon as "the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd." Where, on the other hand, is there a better word upon the nature of truth, or one more profoundly ideal, than this saying from Ward's Cobbler of Agawam?—"Non senescit veritas. No man ever saw a gray hair on the

head or beard of any truth, wrinkle or morpew on its face. The bed of Truth is green all the year long."

Cotton Mather was the pride and crown of the early Puritan culture, and with his characteristic passion for omniscience he of course snatched at the laurels of Parnassus, probably quite ready, if the truth had required it, to produce to order a new *Iliad* or *Æneid*. He figured as a poet, and the *Mæcenæ*s of poets, especially of Mistress Anne Bradstreet, whose volume was the first book of poems published in New England, the precursor of our whole grove of feminine songsters. But Mather is on stilts the moment he begins to rhyme, and to see anything of his humor and fancy we must watch the easy and spontaneous movements of his mind in its odd interpretations of Scripture and ingenious illustrations of Providence. His verses on the death of his children have not half the beauty of his casual and somewhat humorous biography of Ralph Partridge. He ends his description of Ralph thus:—

"Nevertheless Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the paucity and the poverty of his congregation, so afraid of being anything that looked like a bird wandering from his nest, that he remained with his poor people till he took wing to become a bird of paradise along with the winged seraphim of heaven.

Epitaphium,
AVOLAVIT."

Anne Bradstreet undoubtedly had considerable fancy and no usual power of diction, yet we could not do justice to the inspiration of early New England womanhood by citing her pedantic verse; and if we may presume to differ from her ghostly eulogist, Cotton Mather, we must give the preference to such lyrical natures as Anne Hutchinson's, whose presence and conversation needed no verse to make them inspiring. To have heard her and Henry Vane talk together of the divine light and the new future, would have been a far richer feast of the imagination than to have listened to Mather's ponderous colloquies with Mrs. Bradstreet, for whom "America prays that into such catalogues of authoresses as Beverovicius, Hottinger, and Voetius have given into the world,

there may be a room now given unto the daughter of our Governor Dudley and the consort of our Governor Bradstreet"; with other verbiage that is heavy enough to make one think that Mather's infancy had been fed on polyglots instead of pap.

The love of nature marks the poetic power of a people, and gives constant theme and illustration to the imagination. New England people are certainly remarkable for their love of beautiful scenery, and, cold as is their climate, they have in America taken the lead in descriptions of nature. Perhaps the shortness of their summer makes them value its treasures more fondly than Southern people do, who live amidst ever-blooming vegetation, too familiar to be prized; and the New England winters gather up not merely grain and apples for the table, but pleasant visions from summer fields and autumn groves for the inward chambers of imagery. Hints of this love of nature occur in the early Puritan poems, but we are more pleased with casual glimpses of it that appear in writers not thinking of poetic gifts. It is pleasant to read cheerful William Wood's description of New England trees in 1634:—

"Trees both in hills and plains in plenty be,
The long-liv'd oak and mournful cypris tree,
Sky-tow'ring pines, and chesnuts coated rough,
The lasting cedar, with the walnut tough.

Within this Indian orchard fruits be some;
The ruddie cherrie and the jetty plume,
Snake-murthering hazell, with sweet saxaphrage,
Whose spurnes in beere allays hot fever's rage,
The dyer's shumach with more trees there be
That are both good to use and rare to see."

But there is quite as much suggestion in Winslow's simple and hearty account of the Plymouth country in 1621, a year after the landing:—

"All the spring-time the earth sendeth forth naturally very good sallet herbs. Here are grapes, white and red and very sweet and strong also; strawberries, gooseberries, raspas, &c.; plums of three

sorts, white, black, and red, being almost as good as a damson; abundance of roses, white, red, and damask, single, but very sweet indeed."

Has it not always been the case, in winter as well as in summer, that such roses are to be found, — single, but very sweet indeed?

This fair nature, thus noted in prose and verse by the first-comers, stole more and more upon the Puritan heart, until she in some measure replaced the old splendors of England, and won to her beautiful ritual and hallowed seasons a reverence and love that found no artificial pageants, no gems of painting or architecture, to inspire them. Nature surely helped out the Puritan's meagre rubric, and no pontiff nor bishop; and in the lovely yet solemn countenance of the great mother who looked in upon their worship from the fields and forests and hills through the ungarnished windows of the meeting-house, many a youth and maiden read lessons of faith and devotion as tender and profound as ever shone from the faces of the Madonnas in the chancel windows of the Old World's cathedrals. Not even Francis de Sales or Jeremy Taylor ever saw more poetry in a golden chalice or the sacred lily, than the stern Calvinist, Jonathan Edwards, found in that emblem of a pious soul, "such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrantcy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun." This is a fair specimen of the feeling for nature in New England, which appears in her artists and poets, is so exquisitely worked up in such pieces as Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and Lowell's "Pine-Tree," and bursts out on almost every page of Judd's *Margaret* like wild-flowers from a rich prairie.

The mention of Edwards's name leads us into the second century of New England life, during which the foundations of our national system were laid. The events of this period acted powerfully on the imagination of the people, and the disputes and battles that are chronicled in records and

monuments have left no less conspicuous marks upon the common life and literature. But the wars did not so much create as bring out the enthusiasm of the people, and the fire that burned in the ballads and speeches of the Revolutionary era was fed by fuel that had long been gathering. Do not make merry at the reviewer for naming as educators and representatives of New England imagination in the eighteenth century two men who are generally considered as the driest and most matter-of-fact characters. I mean Jonathan Edwards, the metaphysician and theologian, and Benjamin Franklin, the mechanic, philosopher, and statesman. Edwards taught the people to combine a burning enthusiasm with logical keenness, and his great works were the schooling of many anxious and earnest thinkers in farm-houses and in colleges. He taught the great faith of the soul's spirituality, and the worthlessness of every life that is blind to the truth and dead to the love of God. With all his severity, and perhaps his leaven of superstition, he was a majestic idealist, and his works from first to last declare that a sense of ideal beauty, truth, and goodness belongs to our original nature, and that man is not himself until he supremely loves the beautiful, true, and good. He had much of the faculty of vision that gives shape to things unseen, and his sermons, with all their metaphysical sharpness, are full of graphic imagery, making abstract truths and spiritual affections visible realities, peopling the earth with supernatural beings, and endowing heaven and hell with locality and form both to the faith and the eye. In his way he was the Dante of his time, and by his logical structure of divine things he did for New England much of what Dante did for Italy by his matchless vision. The New-Englander had not, like the Italian, a Casella to instruct him in music, or a Giotto to school him in painting and architecture; but he had nature, the Bible, and the soul for his teachers, and he has written many truths and drawn many ideal pictures that Dante would have admired. Nay, it might perhaps be shown that Edwards could, in his own way, have interpreted that profound and exalted sentiment which was the secret of Dante's life and the inspiration of his great poem. There can be no true ideality without some

adequate sense of the beautiful in that form in which it has pleased God to embody so much of it,—the heart and person of woman. Dante dreamed all his lifetime of a fair girl whom he never married, and who after her early death haunted him as a heavenly presence. Whether Edwards, the severe theologian, had anything of the spirit that answers to Dante's sentiment towards Beatrice, we may judge by what he wrote at twenty concerning a young maiden of New Haven, Sarah Pierrepont, whose beauty and inspiration shamed that Puritan age.

"There is a young lady in New Haven who is loved of that Great Being who made and rules the world. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."

This fair creature, this Christian Sibyl, in her eighteenth year became the wife of Edwards, and the mother of eleven children. She shared his thoughts and labors, his joys and trials, and in the very year of his death she was laid in the grave by his side. Who of us is not ready to say that Sarah Pierrepont, the Puritan's wife, has done as much in her own sphere to bring heaven near, and charm the earth with visions of spiritual beauty, as Beatrice Portinari, the idol of the Italian seer? In his domestic love, Edwards is a fine representative of the romantic sentiment of New England. He had sentiment enough to craze a whole crew of moonstruck sonnet-writers of the school of Charles I. or Louis XIV. But he had sense and strength and principle to keep his romance in its rightful channels, and his household and his God knew his joy. We New-Englanders may have too much reserve in expressing our home affections, yet we do not confess to any absence of the gentle passion; and to volatile enthusiasts, who are blown about by every wind of impulse, and easily upset by the breath of a coquette's fan, we may appear wanting in sentiment because we have stability. We seem to

carry less sail, simply because we have more ballast, and are not thought large-hearted, because we are not light-headed.

Whilst Edwards, and others of his class of thinkers more or less rigid, trained the people to spiritual vision, Franklin, the great utilitarian, trained them to material visions, and was the chief educator of the many in their imaginations of the coming wonders of science and art, industry and government. He is the Merlin of the new age of industrial magic. Prosaic as he is thought to be, quite as little poetic in his verse as in his prose, Franklin had, in his faculty of discovery and invention, what we may call the constructive imagination; and he has given to many men a more ideal inspiration than he himself followed. He has been the designer and architect of our wonderful industrial life, and he worked upon the great edifice according to plans that existed in his own mind before they existed in visible material. He imagined the nation itself before it had being, and was probably more than any other man the designer of the American Union, that structure which still survives, notwithstanding the Worcester Convention and its Southern counterpart. He had in his mind, too, the idea of natural science before he discovered it by experiment, and the lightning had leaped in his own brain before it became visibly his slave, and flashed forth at his bidding along the electric kite and rod. Surely he who did so much to construct our nationality, and our science and art, he who lived amid such hopes of a brighter future, he who "snatched from the heavens their bolts and from tyrants their sceptre," has been one of the educators of the American mind; and every New England boy who has read Franklin's life starts on his career of self-relying enterprise with braver purposes and rosier imaginations. He has turned the faculty of vision to the utilities of the earth, as Edwards turned it to the spiritualities of heaven. He has been a kind of terrestrial Newton, as Edwards was a hyperborean Dante. Boston has given Franklin a statue; the day may be when Edwards too shall stand before us in his native State in marble or in bronze, which all sects shall be wise and generous enough to rear.

We confess that nothing of the kind would please us more than to see the massive head of our great metaphysician looking out upon the new generations from the beautiful elm-grove of his Alma Mater at New Haven. These two men represent types of mind that are constantly blended in the New England character, in which pure idealism or pure materialism is rarely found, but whose most characteristic tendency is what may be called an ideal realism, or a disposition to bring ideal convictions to bear upon practical realities, and to work out into plain matter of fact every idea or conviction. The true Yankee is an idealist even in his love of money, and, unless he is false to his blood and birthright, he is sure to reveal some intellectual hobby or enthusiastic taste in the use of his stocks and lands. He makes his money *tell*, and instead of being a dead heap, it has a living voice, never wholly dumb to the appeal of education, humanity, religion. Poor Richard, Franklin's prophet of pence, in his way is as much of a spiritualist as the begging Friar Francis, and saved pennies, as the monk begged them, to secure independence from the world. Poor Richard commends competence, not because it heaps up specie in the bank, but because it sets up a pedestal of independence on which a true manhood can stand and express its thought and will without fear and without favor.

This kind of realism appears in the ripest fruits of the New England imagination since the close of the Revolution, and especially within the present century in its more ripe and accomplished culture. The best things have been said by men at work in earnest for some practical purpose, whilst comparatively little has been done by amateurs who seek the beautiful as a pastime and cultivate imagination for its own sake. The literary ease and elegance of the choicest writers and speakers have come more from the use and friction of minds in actual collision with public affairs, than from artistic elaboration. The pulpit learned fluency by melting its pedantic verbiage in the fires of patriotism, and no poet of the Revolutionary age has a passage so kindling as that of Mayhew's Apostrophe to Liberty, whom he saw before she came, and whom he welcomed as "the daughter of God, and excepting

his Son the first-born of heaven." The whole spirit of letters and speech seemed to arouse, in the school of national freedom, a quicker pulse-beat in the general heart. The war of the Revolution did much to stir the imagination by its lights and shades, defeats and triumphs, and the entire movement tended to break up the old monotone. Before, the people seemed to live and move in long metre, to the tune of Old Hundred or St. Martin's, but the Revolution put quite as much of Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia into their spirits as into their march. They did not lose the old faith, but they carried it out with more vivacity; and the best literature of the present century is fraught with the independence, devotion, and energy of the fathers.

It is in this period, or between the close of the war of the American Revolution and the first years of the present century, that the scenes of "Margaret" are laid. The author, although not by any means aiming at historical minuteness in the classification of characters, or at philosophical completeness in the exhibition of principles and events, has given us a rich and suggestive picture of the new life then budding out from the old stock. Margaret herself, and her good genius, Charles Evelyn, are the precursors of the new age coming, in which all sects and parties now more or less share, whilst Parson Wells, his good wife, and his ghostly retinue, represent the pious worth that are ever precious, in connection with a dogmatic narrowness and spectral ascetism which no leading school of New England thought now urges. Poor Chilion, with his half-developed artistic nature, is the victim of the transition struggle between the old times and the new; whilst Master Elliman is a good type of the old naturalism that was waiting for the marriage between science and faith. Margaret's origin, indeed, as the offspring of the daughter of a French adventurer and a German soldier in New York, makes her less of a New England character than if her birth as well as her education had been in New England. Yet her whole mental development was under her foster parents, and perhaps a little of the truth as well as the interest of the romance comes from the union of different lines of the ideal in her origin. Thus the author may mean to give us a

deeper insight into humanity by the combination of traits in her parentage and history. His impatience of conventional manners and religion has, we think, led him to estimate too favorably the spontaneous tendencies of human nature in his heroine, and he makes of her more of a natural saint than our faith and philosophy would lead us to look for. But he corrects in some measure this tendency, and proves himself to be nearer the Gospel of Christ than the sentimentalism of Rousseau by the influence over Margaret that he ascribes to Evelyn's lessons in Christianity, and the place that he assigns to the Church and its positive truths and ordinances in the idealized community of Mons Christi. There is quite enough, too, of the sad and sinful elements in human nature, throughout the book, to save the author from being classed with the rose-water school of reformers, and evidently no American novelist has had a keener eye to the infirmities and vices of our village and city life than the portrayer of Jean Girardeau, Raxman, Pluck, Chilion, Rose, and Mrs. Wiswall. He has performed his task so well that we cannot but wish for the coming of a novelist who shall unite his spontaneous freshness with broader philosophic and more exact historic portraiture, and do for our current life here somewhat as Bulwer's "My Novel" has done for English life. We believe that the elements for such a book are very rich and ample, and even our most practical thinkers open connections with ideal fancy.

We find marks of high imagination in the men who have dealt most closely with the convictions and interests of the people. If we were to choose Dr. Channing and Daniel Webster as examples of the New England mind in the present century, we must be struck with the fact that their best passages are inspired by actual affairs, and that the ideal moralist and the practical statesman sometimes meet on the same heights of imagination. Webster has left some magnificent proofs of his power of vision, and when the great inspirations of liberty were upon him, as they were in his best days, he had a prophet's fire. In his reply to Hayne, his eulogium on old Massachusetts seemed to bring the Bay State bodily, from the Berkshire Hills to Plymouth Rock, into the Senate, and

in his peroration, when he argued for Liberty and Union, it was as if the great mother herself, this whole America, stood up unfurling our flag before those nullifiers, and with a withering glance branding their treason as parricide. What power of vision, too, in his oration at Plymouth, when he hears as receding into never-returning distance the clank of fetters and all the horrid din of slavery, and welcomes the new generations of freedom and progress! Those words are worthy of being printed with Channing's last words to the people,—the noble discourse among the Berkshire Hills which hailed the coming of God's kingdom among men, and held every worldly interest as naught in comparison with that glorious future of humanity.

Channing, in spite of the difference of creeds, wears Edwards's mantle of spiritual vision, and among our moralists he is the conspicuous representative of the imagination which penetrates into principles, and strives to bring the common thought and life up to the standard seen on its mount of vision. Webster has more of the combining, constructive imagination, and he carried much of Franklin's solid sense and mechanical genius into the art of statesmanship. Both Webster and Channing belong not only to the literature, but to the society, of their age, and New England romance and art will find a niche for them both in its shrines.

Not only in eloquence like Webster's and Channing's, but in the calm studies of history, the New England mind shows its tendency to idealize facts and embody truth in imaginations. There is an almost epic life and unity in her master historians; under their lead, the men and events of Spain, Holland, the United States, Mexico, Peru, march forth in their own form and color upon their destined path; and in the New England town libraries, Prescott's and Bancroft's histories, (and may we not add Motley's to the list?) prove by their well-thumbed leaves, that fact, when vividly told, is more charming than fiction, and quite as stimulating to the imagination. No modern state has celebrated its famous places and names more brilliantly than our own Massachusetts, and Everett's orations in point of artistic completeness might have won the crown from the hand of Pericles himself.

The same tendency to idealize realities, or to see and image forth the ideas that are in realities, appears in the speculations of the most sagacious and practical men. In Rhode Island, the mantle of Bishop Berkeley, who once lived at Newport, seems to have fallen upon a solid, broad-shouldered judge, and the Pan-Idea of the late Chief Justice Durfee is a metaphysical treatise that might have emanated from Berkeley's own pen. It is quite as remarkable a fact, that the most skilful and fascinating interpreter of Swedenborg's mystical theology is a Yankee lawyer, and Theophilus Parsons finds leisure from his professorship of law to elucidate the doctrines of spiritual correspondences, the celestial marriage, and the New Jerusalem. Nay, mathematics itself figures as an idealist, and Professor Peirce, probably the first mathematical genius now living, is quite Pythagorean in his philosophy, reasons of the numbers and periods in planets and stars much in the fashion of the great transcendental sage, and so makes algebra the note-book from which the spheres sing their music. In not a few minds the drudgery of the workshop and the farm catches the lyrical passion, and in Whittier's Songs of Labor, and in the heroes of the Blithedale Romance, work threatens to turn into play, and sometimes has not failed in the attempt. The most conspicuous of New England editors, or editors from New England, is full of this idea of elevating and harmonizing industry, and has had no small success in inspiring and idealizing the popular notions of labor and production. Horace Greeley, in this point of view, with all his crotchets and *isms*, is a kind of orphic Franklin, who is setting the machines and workshops of the land into a grand harmonial dance, and perhaps our notable fellow-citizen will not quarrel with us for fancying him in his drab coat and ponderous boots calling out the figures for a huge industrial waltz, in which the steam-engine leads off the printing-press, and this couple is followed by the power-loom and reaping-machine, with the whole band of arts in their train, all keeping step by the time-beat of that harp of many and marvelous strings, the electric telegraph. There is surely a lyrical element in New England industry. Grim Vulcan in his workshop likes to be cheered by Apollo's lyre, and some-

time beats the chorus by the ring on his anvil. After work, too, he washes his hands and face, and has a chat with his old crony, Minerva. New England itself is a work of art under the hand of educated mechanism, a marvellously carved granite Memnon statue, whose harmony awakes with every sunrise and continues to play till sunset in all the cheery voices of enterprise and toil.

The same disposition to connect imagination with matters of fact, and to idealize common life, appears in the poetry of New England. It is eminently in earnest, and its strains are human life set to music, with little trifling in dainty indolence for the sake of making pretty verses. How intimately that prose-poetry, the romantic literature of New England, connects itself with common scenes, and finds its gems in our daily paths! It is a fact not by any means alone, but representative of a general principle, that an earnest parish minister like Sylvester Judd created a new school of romance before he knew it by his close sympathy with human life around him, and all unconsciously inspired American art with perhaps its most original theme; and under Darley's genial touch, we have here the great promise of the alliance between the poet's pen and the artist's pencil.

Our poetry breathes the same spirit; and even its most marked eccentricities move in accordance with some instinctive law. Sometimes it is hard to distinguish verse from prose in our sententious thinkers. Alcott's Orphic Sayings are poems in their way, and in spite of their obscurity they contain meaning and point enough to give lasting fame to the author, could they be dated backwards some centuries, and so have the prestige of time. The most peculiar, and perhaps the most imaginative, of all our poets, Emerson, is a very earnest man, and, fond as he is of a joke, he never loses sight of his transcendental theory of human nature, or his thorough-going independence in glorification of the First Person Singular, in which personality soars so high as to become impersonal, and the Egotist is lost in the All. He makes it our wisdom to live in our own individual hermitage, and to seek the universe in ourselves, and returned from Europe blandly declaring that he had seen it all before at home. He found a

consistent interpreter in his young disciple, Thoreau, the hermit of Walden Pond, who gave up the world for nature and himself, whose house cost him \$ 28.12½, and whose living for eight months cost him, with clothes and oil, but \$ 33.87¼, — a mystic of the Poor Richard school, a Yankee union of philosophy and prudence indeed. So it is that extremes meet, and the mysticism of the Oriental Sufis is found on the borders of our old battle-field at Concord. Usually, however, the New England poet is more in the path of our daily life, and his imagination, alike in its pathos and its humor, aims to cheer and help us in our thought and work.

No man deserves better to be named as a type of New England imagination, than Bryant, — not even Dana with his meditative depth, Longfellow with his peerless melody, Lowell with his sparkling point, Parsons with his sculptured strength, or Whittier with his lyrical fire. Bryant perhaps as no other poet reflects the independence, the manly faith, the devotion to nature, the reverence for woman, the love of country and of home, the unfaltering passion for liberty, so characteristic of the best New England minds. New England honors him for not forgetting the high inspirations of his Muse in the pressure of affairs, and will always have laurels for the harp that in its thrills of gentle feeling has never ceased to ring out its stirring tones for liberty and humanity in the hour of their danger. Honor to Bryant for keeping his New England heart so true to itself in his tempted position, and for being none the less a Massachusetts man from being a citizen of the world.

Even the humorous poetry of New England is eminently practical, — always fond of raising a laugh to the discomfiture of some absurd pretender, or of cheering some down-hearted worthy who has had small beginnings and a hard road before him. Lowell and Holmes, in their comic poems, are the literary exponents of the passion for practical jokes, and the late wheelbarrow feat between Newburyport and Boston was a broad exemplification of the sturdy practical humor that has made the Yankees laugh from the days of the Cobbler of Agawam and the Boston Tea Party. In fact, Mr. Ben Perley Poore rendered himself unconsciously a kind of

parody on the history of New England. The lot of Jonathan has almost always been, like this wheelbarrow hero, to work with inadequate means, and very often his indomitable pluck has led him to push on over hill and through valley to his aim, not ashamed to go on one wheel without any horse but shank's mare, until at last he comes in conqueror, and the military escort and the banquet make his pilgrimage famous.

Now for more than two hundred years New England has been doing her work for herself, for the nation, and, we trust, for mankind. Great as have been her achievements in the workshop and the field, the memorials of her imagination, her pathos, her humor, are not insignificant, and her orators, poets, historians, and novelists are known throughout the globe. The alcove that holds her imaginative literature would not disgrace the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh; and the great Britons who have flourished during the same time, Milton, Wordsworth, Burns, Scott, and their peers, might linger fascinated by its creations. Yet notwithstanding all these literary trophies, and the high promise of her artists, she has not yet spoken out her full thought in letters, and her literature is fragmentary, as the not fully articulated voice of a civilization not yet matured, but waiting the good time coming. Her literature is not, like Italy's, the tomb of a majestic past, but the promise of a hopeful future; and it denies itself the moment it claims to be perfect, and shuts out the spirit of improvement. New England, herself an imagination in process, not yet worked into material, and all her utilities the growing fruit of a brave purpose not yet embodied, waits to take her place in the true civilization that is to be, and should be happy that her leading thinkers have a name among the architects of the ages, and have given so many hints of an age better than humanity has yet seen. There is a deep hopefulness in all her poetry, which its habitual seriousness can never hide, and its pensive tone is the wholesome shading of brave energies, not the darkening and blighting of cheerful faith. Her art is full of hope, and will be more hopeful when more closely allied with her daily life, and taking its due place in popular education. Let the claims of art be placed on no ground less solid or sacred. Insist that

art is educator of the beautiful in itself, and in its manifold relations with the good and the true; and in the better time coming let New England art build the gate called Beautiful to the stately temple of humanity, whose walls have been rising for centuries in this land of promise. The new beauty will not shame, but crown, the old Puritan strength.

Throughout his whole story, and especially in the closing description of his Mons Christi, the author of *Margaret* shows his deep conviction of the practical worth and power of the beautiful arts. It is evidently a leading idea with him, that life itself is the great art, and that all other arts are honorable as they minister to this by their utilities and refinements. We do not think he has been so successful in his specific plans as in his guiding spirit, and we should probably quarrel with the architecture of the church and the villas of Mons Christi, if we did not think much of its landscape-gardening and ornamentation fantastic. But his purpose is eminently practical, and the arts must languish in New England until it is carried out,—till the characteristic zeal for popular education accepts the element of taste as an exalted and wholesome part of our nature, and we provide for its culture in our schools, homes, public grounds and buildings, in our social recreations, our civic festivals, and our religious services. The New England mind has been remarkably fertile in artistic genius; yet our artists have had little popular appreciation, and many towns that have noble schools and academies do not present to the eyes of their youth a single picture or sculpture that deserves the name. A better time, we trust, is coming,—a time which shall bring about in art what has already been widely brought about in our literature,—the reconciliation between the real and ideal as essential parts of human life and Divine Providence. We hope to see a realism such as appears in Stuart's flesh-and-blood portraits, combined with an ideality like that which ennoble Allston's poetical creations, to educate and cheer our sons and daughters in our homes and schools and public walks.

We have our share of artistic enthusiasm, however latent it may be. The solemn Puritan from the beginning has been unconsciously an idealist, and without knowing it he stamped

the symbol of himself upon his first coinage, the pine-tree shilling, refusing, in his sturdy independence, to put upon his money the head of King Charles. The pine, how noble and eloquent a symbol of the New England mind! — so lofty and self-relying, never more independent than when rising in proud individuality in a forest of its fellows, with adhesive and burning gums in its veins, and the comfort of good homes and the strength of tall masts in its trunk, with sweet and pensive music in its waving branches, and unfailing verdure in its leaves. The pine is the Puritan's tree, and before the oak of Old England it need not hide the head whose glory is green when the oak's leaves are fallen.

“Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number!
The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.”

In these remarks upon the imagination in New England, we have all along the way had an eye to Darley's masterly illustrations of Judd's *Tale of the Real and the Ideal*, and we have made frequent reference to the story as a truthful and original portraiture of the intellectual, social, and religious elements that have been working within us. The artist himself deserves the thanks of every American, as well as of every New-Englander, for producing a work which, in point of vividness and insight in the conception and spirit, and power in execution, has to our mind never been surpassed in the art of outline illustrations. Flaxman's designs bear marks of rarer antiquarian study, and often of sublimer invention; but they are comparatively spectral and unreal, and their lines have nothing of the stereoscopic light and shade of nature. Retzsch's outlines are marvels of fertile invention, in fact, linear poems with the pencil instead of the pen; but in point of vigorous touch and speaking truthfulness Darley is his superior, far more a realist in the drawing of his figures, whilst in the expression of his faces, as in *Rose and Chilion* and *Margaret*, he shows an ideal power not inferior to that of the famous German illustrator of Shakespeare and Schiller. Darley's inferiority to Retzsch is in picturesque symbolism, or in so group-

ing figures and objects as to express the relation of each drawing to the leading idea, and in so arranging the details of the entire series as to make the sketches tell the whole story of themselves. These outlines are a great success, alike in their own excellence and in their remarkable popularity, yet they do not sufficiently interpret their meaning without the printed text, and we think that two or three more sketches are positively needed to give dramatic unity to the whole, especially to bring out the brighter features of the plot, and to show the bloom as well as the blight in the fortunes of Margaret and her friends. There should be at least some glimpse of Charles Evelyn and Mons Christi, some hint of the heroine's new life under his genial guidance, and of the beautiful Utopia built up by their combined thought and labor. If it would have tasked the artist too much to reduce to drawing the shadowy geography of Mons Christi, with its symbolical avenues, statues, and temple, or if the planting of the cross, with the solemn procession, might have alarmed our good Protestants with the fear of returning Romanism, it would not have been difficult for his genius to have told in a few expressive groups the cheerful *dénouement* of the story, and left upon us at last the impression of Margaret and Evelyn's happy marriage, instead of quitting us in sight of poor Chilion's dungeon and the ghostly figures of Parson Wells and his wife. The defect may easily be remedied, and two or three more expressive sketches would not fail to make this beautiful volume a perennial instead of an annual in American art and literature.